

*Alanson, Froyard, a Countreyman of ours, records,*  
England all *Oliners* and *Rowlands* breed,  
During the time *Edward* the third did raigue:  
More truly now may this be verified;  
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*  
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?  
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,  
They had such courage and audacitie?

*Charles.* Let's leaue this Towne,  
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,  
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:  
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth  
The Walls they leaue downe, then forsake the Siege.

*Reignier.* I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice  
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, till to strike on;  
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:  
By my consent, wee'le euen let them alone.

*Alanson.* Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

*Bastard.* Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes  
for him.

*Dolph.* Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to vs.

*Bast.* Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.  
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?  
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:  
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,  
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,  
Ordained is to rase this tedious Siege,  
And driue the English forth the bounds of France:  
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,  
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:  
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.  
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeue my words,  
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

*Dolph.* Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,  
*Reignier* stand thou as Dolphin in my place;  
Question her proudly, let thy Lookes be sterne,  
By this meanes shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter *Joane Puzel*.

*Reignier.* Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these won-  
drous feats?

*Puzel.* *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?  
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,  
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.  
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;  
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:

Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.

*Reignier.* She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

*Puzel.* Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,

My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:

Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate.

Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,

And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,

Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,

And in a Vision full of Maiestie,

Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,

And free my Countrey from Calamitie:

Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.

In compleat Glory shee reuel'd her selfe:

And whereas I was black and swart before,

With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,

That beautie am I blest with, which you may seee.

Aske the what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer vnpremeditated:

My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.

Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,

If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.

*Dolph.* Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes.

Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,

In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;

And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,

Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

*Puzel.* I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edge'd Sword,

Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,

The which at Touraine, in *S. Katherines* Church-yard,

Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

*Dolph.* Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

*Puzel.* And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and *Joane de Puzel* ouercomes.

*Dolph.* Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,

And fightest with the Sword of *Dehora*.

*Puzel.* Christs Mother helpe me, else I were too

weake.

*Dolph.* Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must helpe me:

Impatiently I burne with thy desire,

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,

Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,

'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

*Puzel.* I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,

For my Profession's sacred from above:

When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,

Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.

*Dolph.* Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate

Thral.

*Reignier.* My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

*Alans.* Doubtlesse he shrikes this woman to her smock.

Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

*Reignier.* Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepe no

meane?

*Alan.* He may meane more then we poore men do know,

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

*Reignier.* My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?

Shall we giue o're Orleans, or no?

*Puzel.* Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,

Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

*Dolph.* What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight

it out.

*Puzel.* Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.

This night the Siege assuredly Ile rase:

Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,

Since I haue entred into these Warres.

Glory is like a Circle in the Water,

Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,

Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.

With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,

Dispersed are the glories it included:

Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,

Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.

*Dolph.* Was *Mabomer* inspired with a Doue?

Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

*Helen*, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,

Nor yet *S. Philips* daughters were like thee.

Bright Starre of *Venus*, false downe on the Earth,

How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

*Alanson.* Leau off delays, and let vs rase the

Siege.

*Reignier.* Wo-

*Reignier.* Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,  
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.  
*Dolph.* Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,  
No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Gloster*, with his Serving-men.

*Gloster.* I am come to suruey the Tower this day;  
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conuoyance:  
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls.

*1. Warder.* Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

*Gloster.* *1. Man.* It is the Noble Duke of *Gloster*.

*2. Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.

*1. Man.* Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

*1. Warder.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him.

We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

*Gloster.* Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:

Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;

Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

*Gloster* men rush at the Tower Gates, and *Woodville*

the Lieutenant speaks within.

*Woodville.* What noyse is this? what Traytors haue

wee here?

*Gloster.* Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?

Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

*Woodville.* Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,

The Cardinall of *Winchester* forbids:

From him I haue expresse commandement,

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

*Gloster.* Faint-hearted *Woodville*, prize him 'fore me?

Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,

Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:

Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

*Servingmen.* Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,

Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, *Winchester*

and his men in Tawney Coates.

*Winchester.* How now ambitious *Vmpheir*, what meanes

this?

*Gloster.* Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be

shut out?

*Winch.* I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,

And not Protector of the King or Realme.

*Gloster.* Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,

Thou that contriued'st to murder our dead Lord,

Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,

Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinal's Hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

*Winch.* Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:

This be *Damascus*, be thou curld *Cain*,

To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

*Gloster.* I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:

Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,

Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place.

*Winch.* Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy

face.

*Gloster.* What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?

Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,

Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,

I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.

Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinal's Hat:

In spight of Pope,

Here by the Cheek

*Winch.* *Gloster*

*Pope.* *Gloster.* *Winch.*

Now beat them he

Thee Ile chase hen

Out Tawney-Coa

Here *Gloster*

and ente

of

*Maio.* Fye Lord

Thus contumeliou

*Gloster.* Peace Ma

Here's *Beauford*, th

Hath here distrayn

*Winch.* Here's

One that still moti

O're-charging you

That seeks to ou

Because he is Prot

And would haue

To Crowne himse

*Gloster.* I will no

*Maio.* Naught

But to make open

Come Officer, as l

All manner of

against Gods Peace

you, in his Highne

ling places, and no

pon, or Dagger he

*Gloster.* Cardinal

But we shall mee

*Winch.* *Gloster.*

Thy heart-blood

*Maio.* He call

This Cardinal's s

*Gloster.* *Maio*

may't.

*Winch.* Abhon

For I intend to ha

*Maio.* See the

Good God, thes

I my selfe fight n

Enter the

*M. Gunner.* Sirrha

And how the En

*Boy.* Father I k

How e're vnfort

*M. Gunner.* But

Chiefe Master G

Something I mul

The Princes esp

How the English

Went through a

In yonder Towe

And thence disc

They may vex v

To intercept thi

A Peece of Ord